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A PARLIAMENT OF PUMPS.



to observe that at a meeting of the officious noodles constituting the International Temperance and Prohibition Conference, assembled at the Hanover Square Rooms, in the course of the much speaking by which those fussy busybodies exposed their folly, the following especially remarkable absurdities were uttered. According to report, in a paper by the DEAN OF CARLISLE on "Legislation on the Liquor Traffic," suggested by the House of Commons in 1834, which was read by the REV. CANON JENKINS:—

"The dean said that time had exaggerated a hundredfold the reasons for legislation which existed in 1834."

Considering the notorious decrease of drunkenness which has taken place during the last eight-and-

twenty years, DEAN CLOSE evinced little judgment in asserting that time had exaggerated the reasons for legislation on the liquor trade. The less CLOSE says about exaggeration of those reasons the better. Time tells only the truth. We also read that:—

"MR. HAUGHTON, of Dublin, could not understand on what principle of logic or common sense after hundreds of Acts of Parliament, men could seek a continuance of restrictive measures."

So far so wise. One wonders to hear such reason from the mouth of a teetotaler. One thinks one has met with a sensible advocate of temperance. But in the very next sentence MR. HAUGHTON bewrayeth himself:—

"They must have free-trade or prohibition—he said the latter."

Anybody endowed with the least logic or common sense would say the former. If hundreds of restrictive Acts of Parliament have failed, the presumption is, that a prohibitive Act of Parliament would succeed no better. But MR. HAUGHTON comes from Dublin. A less rational gentleman never came from Cork with his coat buttoned hind-part-before.

Teetotal Ireland having spoken by the mouth of MR. HAUGHTON:—

"DR. FION, of Scotland, asked if it was not inconsistent with equity and British law that persons convicted of crime committed whilst they were intoxicated should be subjected to punishment, and whether they ought not to be treated as lunatics?"

Equity, DR. FIGG, has no jurisdiction in cases of drunkenness, and though the LORD CHANCELLOR may direct the disposal of a lunatic's property, the Magistrate only can order an

investment, on the part of the drunkard, in the Stocks. Drunken persons ought not to be treated as lunatics when they get sober, and whilst they are drunk they are liable to get shut up as it is (as *Mr. Punch* has elsewhere recommended that they should be). It is not only consistent with British law, but it is a British law-maxim, that drunkenness is no excuse for a crime, but aggravates the offence. A very imbecile person, who talks idiotic twaddle, ought to be taken care of equally with a sot affected with *delirium tremens*. Thou art answered, FIGG, according to thy figgery. A fleo for thee, FIGG!

The REV. F. BISHOP, speaking of the Maine Law in Yankeeedom, said that:—

"The law was enforced at Worcester. He attended a military festival there, at which sentiments were spoken by without wine being drunk, and all the officers assembled at breakfast next morning free from headache."

Wonderful! Does MR. BISHOP imagine that officers are generally accustomed to get drunk at military festivals overnight, and come down to breakfast with a headache next morning? And are total abstinents never troubled with headaches—even after having listened to a long speech made by a simpitton?

A dreadful witticism was perpetrated by another reverend gent:—

"The REV. H. GALL objected to the disfranchisement of publicans, which contemplated their existence, which it was intended to terminate. (Laughter.)"

MR. GALL apparently proposes to terminate the existence of the publicans by starvation. (GALL, thou didst make a bitter had joke, and art, indeed, the very gall of bitterness! Thou also, GALL, art answered according to thy quality.

After the inanities above quoted, we are happy to present our readers with a bit of fun, related very seriously by a MR. SINCLAIR:—

"In explanation of the fact that liquors could be obtained at Delavan House, New York, he said that MR. DELAVAN had let the house on a lease which stipulated that intoxicating drinks should not be sold there, but the tenant evaded the terms of the lease by purchasing the next house and making a communication between them."

He knocked a hole through the wall. "Well, let MR. SINCLAIR and his allies be well assured, will a coach-and-six, or a railway-train, be driven through any Act of Parliament, bearing on the liquor law, which interferes with the liberty of the subject.

A TEMPTING OFFER FOR THE MILLION.

HERE is an advertisement that has been running about the French and English newspapers. It beats in coolness any day that we have had this extra-hyperborean summer:—

TO BE SOLD, for 10,000,000 francs, the chef d'œuvre of Raffaele and of painting, an unknown original, representing the DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH. The person who first offers the price demanded will possess the picture without competition. The right of reproduction will be disposed of separately. On view at Paris, at the Galerie —, 17, from 1 till 9 o'clock every day, except Sunday. Monday and Thursday will be reserved for those who, wishing to see the picture at leisure, but without exceeding half an hour, will pay five francs for admission.

We advise, therefore, all those who have 10,000,000 francs to spare, not to lose a moment's time, but to make an offer at once. He who comes first will have the honour of being knocked down first. If the second bidder were to make an advance of one, or two millions, his offer would be indignantly rejected. The "competition" to possess it is already so great, that if you hesitate one tidal train, the picture may be for ever snatched from you. So attractive are its charms, that you are not allowed to admire it for more than half an hour at a time. Tarry one ecstatic minute longer, and you are infallibly charged an extra five francs. If we hadn't been to Paris already eight times this year, we would rush over incontinently, without waiting to kiss the children or say good-bye to *Judy*, purposely to see the *chef d'œuvre*. It is true that MRS. PAUL DE SAINT VICTOR says that the picture in question is not worth 40 francs, but then MRS. PAUL is an art-critic who does not understand anything about it. It is very clear that he hasn't ten millions of francs to give, and, therefore, in his rage at not being able to possess the invaluable treasure, he does his shabbiest to depreciate it. It is the usual spite of the world. In our opinion, we have not the slightest doubt that this highly-priced *tableau* is in fact priceless—that it is *par excellence* one of those master-pieces that no money can

purchase, and what is more, never will. If it is equal to the advertisement, it must be a master-piece of the very highest colouring that we are sure, cannot be matched for its boldness and daring effects all over the world.

JUMP OUT OF THE BAG, PUSS!

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN has replied to MR. HORACE GREELEY's recent letter to him. He says that he is emphatically for union, and that he would retain or destroy slavery wholly or in part if union could be obtained by either means."

THIS is what LINCOLN writes to HORACE,

Somebody make a glossary for us,

Ignorant owls we are;

For the North has been ranting, raving, blaring,

Scolding, swaggering, cussing, swearing,

Because Britannia was not sharing

IN THE ANTI-SLAVERY WAR.

Bruin at Large.

In a list of fashionable intelligence we meet with the announcement that:—

"PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF has left CLARIDGE's Hotel for Germany."

Left CLARIDGE's Hotel, has he? We thought that MENSCHIKOFF had been staying in the Zoological Gardens.

A MATERIAL DISTINCTION.

BUSINESS and occupation are not synonymous terms. The French persist in the occupation of Rome; but they have no business there.



FATIGUED SWELL. "Confound these Pict-charts—so many of 'em. Tell you what, you go down one side of the Gallery, and I the other; we'll get through 'em that way."

A VENERABLE BANKRUPT.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As you are always ready to defend those who are wronged, I beg to submit my case for your consideration.

"I have had the misfortune to become a bankrupt, and a brief report of the circumstances appeared in the newspapers. I subjoin the material part of that report:—

"The bankrupt, a young man, had spent nine thousand pounds in about as many months. The creditors consisted of hosiers, jewellers, publicans, bill discounters, and others. No person appeared to oppose, and the examination was passed."

"Just so, Sir, and I think it would have been very hard had any one opposed. I do not dispute the accuracy of the statement that I spent nine thousand pounds in about as many months, but I contend that this cannot be called an extravagant expenditure. Nine thousand months, Sir, as I need not tell you, make seven hundred and fifty years, and I respectfully submit that taking into account the disturbed ages in which I have lived, and the various calls which the necessities of those times made upon me, I have not been wanton or careless in my outlay. I was born, as a slight calculation founded upon the above statement in the papers will show you, in the year 1112, but it is unfair to charge me with spending much money while very young. My first serious outlay was for a very handsome suit of clothes in which I attended the coronation of the EMPRESS MAUD at Winchester in March 1141, and if I flatter myself that I cut rather a brilliant figure upon that interesting occasion, such vanity may be pardoned in a sprigald. I gave a good deal of money towards the shrine of BECKET, after the very unpleasant occurrence in Canterbury Cathedral, and I contributed rather largely to the £400,000 raised to ransom KING RICHARD THE LIONHEARTEN, and the man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand to rescue a virtuous—well—a valiant king (*virtus* has both meanings) in distress is unworthy the name of a mediæval buffer. I was a good deal victimised during the Wars of the Roses, and I sent KING RICHARD THE THIRD, who was a very fine fellow, and has been much misrepresented, a handsome present, in order to show my disbelief in the ridiculous story, set about by the papers of the period, that he had polished off his nephews. I went to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and I need not say

MCLELLAN'S MARCH.

Run, soldiers, run, but not away,
Oh no, my gallant men!
You run to turn another day,
And charge the stronger then.
Strategic movement, not stampede,
This retrogression style,
Because we are, as we recede,
Advancing all the while.

The fiery comet rolls, on path
Elliptic, through the sky;
So we pursue our course of wrath:
Like blazing stars we fly,
And still shall fly till we come back
As fast as now we go,
And scatter, in our burning track,
Destruction death and woe.

On, then, ye Warriors of the North!
Off, in your onset, mind,
With all the speed you can put forth,
And leave the South behind.
Back! that is Forward! on your foci,
To guard their own turned out,
Our yoke that you may reimpose:
Face—to the right-about!

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

It was the intention of the Comet, when it originally started on its holiday trip, to have paid a flying visit to the Earth, but it became, on the very first glimpse it caught of this terrestrial globe, so dissatisfied with what it beheld, that it immediately turned tail, and is now hurrying away in an opposite direction as fast as it can. Far from regretting this estrangement, we are delighted to notice this increasing coolness on the part of the Comet; for we are confident if the Earth and its fiery friend were ever to meet, that either one or the other would be sure to suffer dreadfully from the consequences. It is peculiarly one of those cases in which the farther two persons of quite contrary natures are kept apart, the more likely they are to remain friends.

that for the honour of England I shelled out the tin on that festive occasion, and I had to pay rather vigorously when QUEEN BESS wanted money to fight the Spaniards. I paid away money a good deal during the Civil Wars, and KING CHARLES THE SECOND borrowed a lot of me, which I need hardly tell you I never saw again. I own to having been done in the South Sea Bubble, but we all make mistakes sometimes, and I atoned for my fault by subscribing liberally to the defence of England against the Pretender. I could not, I put it to you, stay away from the coronation of GEORGE THE THIRD, and prices were high in those days, and I had my pocket picked in the No Popery riots of 1780. I suffered also by the commercial embarrassments of 1810, and by some of the companies, especially one for importing quicksilver from the planet Mercury, in 1825, and this brings me on to the present time, when I have also had my troubles.

"Now, Sir, I do not think that nine thousand pounds in seven hundred and fifty years is a very large sum for a man who has lived in good society to spend, and I think that the Commissioner might have dismissed me with a slight compliment. However, I rely upon you to do me justice, and am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"THE BANKRUPT IN QUESTION."

A Lesson to Auctioneers.

At the Mansion-House, one day last week, WILLIAM BRACKLIN, an Auctioneer, was charged with an assault on a MR. THOMSON, which consisted in hitting the complainant a violent blow on the mouth. Defendant pleaded guilty, and was fined 40s. and costs. Serve him right. Auctioneers must be taught not to knock people down.

"A HEAVY BLOW, AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT."

It seems very strange that at the present moment, in America, when they are experiencing the greatest difficulty in raising the wind, that every one should be rushing away as fast as he can "to get out of the draft."

AN ENGRAVING BY DOO.—A forged bank-note.



REPOSE.

YES! BUT WE ARE SURE THAT IF ELLEN KNEW WHAT A FIGURE FREDERICK MADE OF HER BY SPRAWLING ABOUT ON THE CLIFF JUST BEHIND HER, SHE WOULDN'T BE SO QUIET.

A FEDERAL TRIUMPH.

A FEDERAL warrior writes the *New York Commercial* a letter containing the following account of an exploit in which he assisted at Donaldsonville on the Mississippi:—

"CAPTAIN BROOME, with the marines of the *Hartford*, landed, and immediately proceeded in search of one PHILIP LANDRAY, a noted guerilla captain, and a very desperate character. We came upon him as he entered the lane leading to his house, before he had time to gallop out of the gate, and as his horse could not jump the fence, he left his horse saddled and bridled, also his sword, all of which we captured."

What, all? That was a seizure indeed for the marines of the *Hartford*, with CAPTAIN BROOME at their head! It appears by the foregoing account, that they not only took the horse of the guerilla Captain, saddled and bridled, but likewise the whole of his sword. What a quantity of plunder! Having accomplished this wonderful capture, our hero tells us:—

"We then proceeded to his house, which was handsomely furnished; we burned his house, furniture, stables, outhouses, and sugar refinery valued at \$100,000. While engaged in burning his property, a party of guerillas fired upon us from the bushes, but at too great a distance to do any damage. We suppose they immediately ran off, as we could find nothing of them afterwards."

Is it possible that these warriors would have run off too if one or two of them had been shot by CAPTAIN LANDRAY's guerillas "while engaged in burning his property?"

The gallant fellow says in conclusion:—

"We burned, besides, some 24 houses, including hotels, saw-mills, &c., destroying over half a million dollars' worth of property, and returned to the fleet without losing a man."

There is or was a political section of Americans rejoicing in the name of Barnburners. Perhaps this party has taken military service under the Federal Government, and the author of the above-quoted tale of arson practised on private houses as a warlike operation, and his comrades, together with their leader, CAPTAIN BROOME, belong to the corps, which has been draughted into the marines of the *Hartford*. There is a genuine Yankeeism in the unconsciousness of a ludicrous self-exposure

remarkable in his description of the manoeuvres carried out against "PHILIP LANDRAY, a noted guerilla chieftain and a very desperate character." The narrative evinces partly the self-complacency of a man relating his share in a pleasing and meritorious transaction, and partly the gust with which a felon details his crimes. With what a relish, having described himself and his companions as having "captured" CAPTAIN LANDRAY's sword, he goes on to say, "We then proceeded to his house, which was handsomely furnished,"—evidently gloating on the value of the furniture they destroyed—"we burned his house, furniture, stables, outhouses, and sugar refinery, valued at \$100,000!" How keen is the enjoyment with which he dwells on the injury which they inflicted on the Confederate officer, "while engaged in burning his property," and with which he mentions that they burned numerous other houses and places of business, "destroying over half a million dollars' worth of property!" What a notion of having been concerned in a glorious exploit is obvious in his boast that they all "returned to the fleet without losing a man!" their enterprise against an enemy incapable of resistance, reminding us of the victorious assault commemorated in a couplet quoted by COBBETT:—

"Father and mother and I, with a chosen band,
Beat a poor little boy till he couldn't go or stand."

Just such a triumph, apparently, was that which the incendiaries of Donaldsonville have to brag of, and which is glorified, as above, by one of the gang.

Another Discovery in London.

So, the wonderful Cavity behind St. Paul's, that mystery which has so long puzzled the world, is at last comprehensible. It is not a pit (constructed on the principle of the Bears' den at the Zoological Gardens) in which aldermen are kept, and taught to climb up a pole, and take bits of green fat from the end of sticks. A proclamation, rendering the eye-sore still more hideous, now extends across it, and announces—"Beer below." Henceforth, therefore, let the hitherto anonymous Hole be known by the name of the Bung-Hole.

REPORT ON HASTINGS.

BY OUR OWN SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



O THE HON. MR. PUNCH.

"SIR.—I. You having commissioned me to visit this ancient and celebrated Cinq Port, and to report upon its general condition, with mention of any special circumstances which might seem to me desirable of notice, I have the honour to make such report, as follows:—

"9. I number my paragraphs, as usual in official despatches, and for more convenient reference.

"3. For reasons inapplicable to myself, you desired me to depart from my ordinary rule of selecting as my quarters the most distinguished Hotel in the place, and of affording its proprietors every opportunity for displaying its resources, and you instructed me to take lodgings and live quietly. Repulsive to my own feelings and habits as

was such a course, I have not hesitated to obey, for reasons that will occur to yourself or your respected cashier.

"4. There were no lodgings to be obtained on my arrival in Hastings, but towards nightfall I watched a family out of a house, and I rushed in before any other candidate could arrive. I secured a back parlour and a closet, which it would be flattery to call a bed-room, for two guineas and a half a week, kitchen fire, shoe-cleaning, gas, and most other things of course extra. I could have lived more cheaply at an hotel, *mais tu l'as voulu, M. Punch.*

"5. There are six families in the house, and they all insist on taking their separate meals at the same hour. There are eleven children in all, from a hobbled boy with clumping boots and a heavy voice to a baby whose incessant shrieks indicate rather a very bad disposition or a totally indifferent nurse. They begin to get up at six, after which there is no peace. I mention this martyrdom among the special circumstances referred to in Paragraph 1.

"6. The cigars sold to visitors in Hastings are, so far as I have yet had opportunities of ascertaining, simply abominable. Whether the vendors have better ones for the residents I know not, but I have not allowed price to stand between me and decent tobacco, as you may be aware it was not likely I should do. I am exceedingly unwell in consequence of this local peculiarity.

"7. I think I have never seen so many pretty girls in any given watering-place as are now in Hastings. That I can appreciate this fact, under the moral disadvantages implied in the paragraph No. 6, may I think be taken in proof of my impartiality as well as of my accuracy. They mostly wear hats, have lovely hair (much golden hair is visible) but the new sea-side jacket of blue with its little brass buttons is not much worn, save by those who have few other attractions.

"8. This is a place rather for aristocratic sorts of people than for common holiday makers. This statement is not my own, but was tendered to me by my landlady in return for my complaint that several articles were about twice as dear here as at Brighton. I was instantly silenced, or rather convinced, and I replied, 'O, of course, we don't care what we pay, aw, but we like the best of heverythink,' a sentiment which obtained that lady's admiration.

"9. The Local Board of Health is said to have done a good deal for the Drainage, which used to be outrageously bad. There are awfully fishy odours in Hastings proper, and there is a vast pipe in front of Hastings elegant, and I hope it is all right, but I have not ventured near. I detect nothing objectionable in the general atmosphere. The Board has painted its name in large letters on the backs of all the seats along the sea—seats may have no obvious connection with a Board of Health, but the dodge is a good one, as it perpetually reminds visitors that there is a Body watching over the sanatory condition of the place.

"10. The boatmen are not very troublesome, and if you make a tolerably loud and abusive answer to one tout, the others will let you alone. You are not much annoyed by the vendors of shells and pin-cushions: I suppose they find it hopeless to bother us, the aristocratic sorts of people. The bathing machines are very bad, but the curators thereof are extremely civil. Decorum of all kinds is strictly enforced, a contrast to most watering-places.

"11. The hired carriages are very good, indeed. Most of the drivers have red faces. The turnpikes are numerous, and the roads are, on the other hand, badly made and badly kept. Perhaps, if the pikes were done away, the roads might be better. They could hardly be worse.

"12. The Dripping Well scarcely drips, and Old Roar doesn't roar. Both are humbugs, but the scenes in which they are placed are pretty. The Lovers' Seat is connected with the dullest and stupidest commonplace story of an elopement, but the view is an out-and-outer.

"13. The Hastings Guide Book is the worst I ever bought. It is padded out with antiquarian rubbish, and the careful detail and advice which alone make a guide book worth having is absent. But the connoisseur may have purposely left it unexplanatory, in the interest of flymen, biped guides, and the like, in which case I admire him as a man of Hastings, while I object to him as a man of letters.

"14. The Volunteers work very gallantly, and have the most delightful shooting place. To lie on the hill-side, near the sea, and look at them, makes one feel quite ardent in the cause of patriotism, and the more so when one has a good weed, presented by an officer, from his London remnant. I believe that if the battle of Hastings had to be fought over again, the Volunteers would do better service than the old Archers, and then, when the order came for an advance with the Bills, wouldn't the lodging-house keepers make the foeman bleed?

"15. The Circulating Library keepers are excessively obliging, and get the new books and let you have them at the shortest notice. They do not seem to think it a favour to let you have a book, and they do not insult you for expressing an unfavourable opinion upon one which they may place in your hands. In a word, they know their business. Consequently, there is great reading in Hastings. I saw one of my own works, though by no means my finest, in the hands of eight very handsome ladies. [*Editor of P.*]

"16. Dover is within sight of Hastings, and letters from Hastings to Dover are sent round by London, so that you get an answer on the third day. I don't know that it much matters, as nobody can be in a hurry to hear from Dover, but I mention it as a curiosity of the post.

"17. I am happy to say that there are no public amusements here, except throwing stones into the sea, so that I am spared the necessity of puffing provincial abilities or London intolerabilities.

"18. The cigars are abominable, but the girls are very pretty.

"I have the honour, &c.

"*Bohemia, Hastings.*"

"*PEREGRINE FALCON.*"

GARIBALDI DOWN.

ALAS! the love of Italy lies bleeding,
But not in vain; his wounds are mouths, that speak,
With an ungenerous Patron strongly pleading,
The stronger that the Prisoner's voice is weak.
He fell, a forlorn hope of patriots leading,
Whose cry for Rome had fallen on ears unheeding.
How long! And must they Rome still longer seek?
A hero's venture, not a madman's freak,
The world had named his high attempt, succeeding.
It has not failed, a captive though he lies,
If niggard France relent. NAPOLEON, hear
The noble blood that out upon thee cries,
And thy base policy, which right denies
To Italy, if not thy baser fear.

SUFFERING AND SYMPATHY.

THERE is, in *Galignani*, an account of an accident which happened near Brussels to a foreign nobleman, who was riding in his carriage, when his horses took fright at the discharge of some firearms, and ran away with him; whereupon, says *Galignani*:—

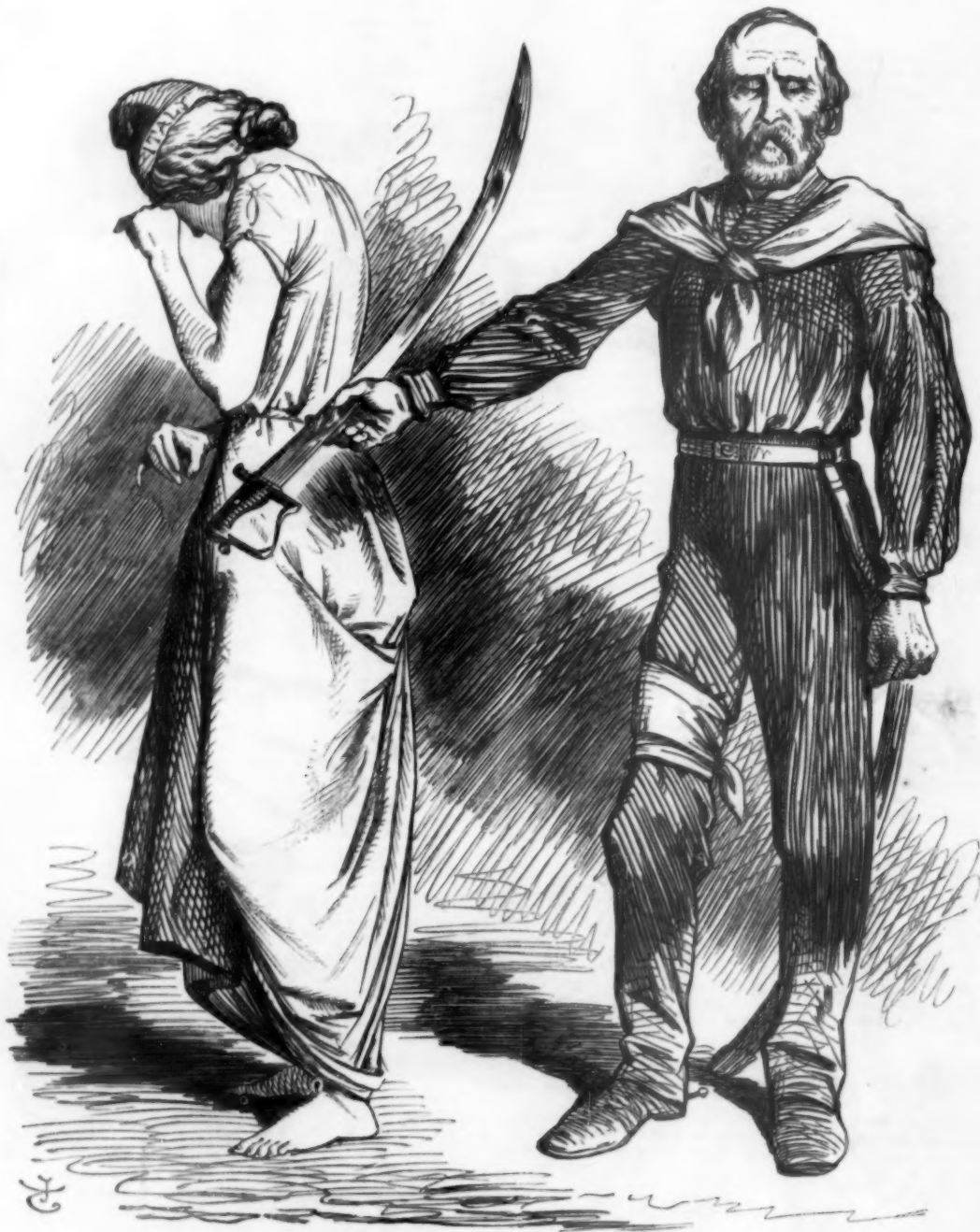
"The count jumped out, but being struck by the wheel, he fell violently to the ground, breaking one of his legs and receiving other injury. His condition, however, does not inspire any uneasiness."

Doesn't it? The condition of a man laid up with a broken leg, not to mention any other injury, may not inspire any uneasiness, but must, one would think, involve not a little.

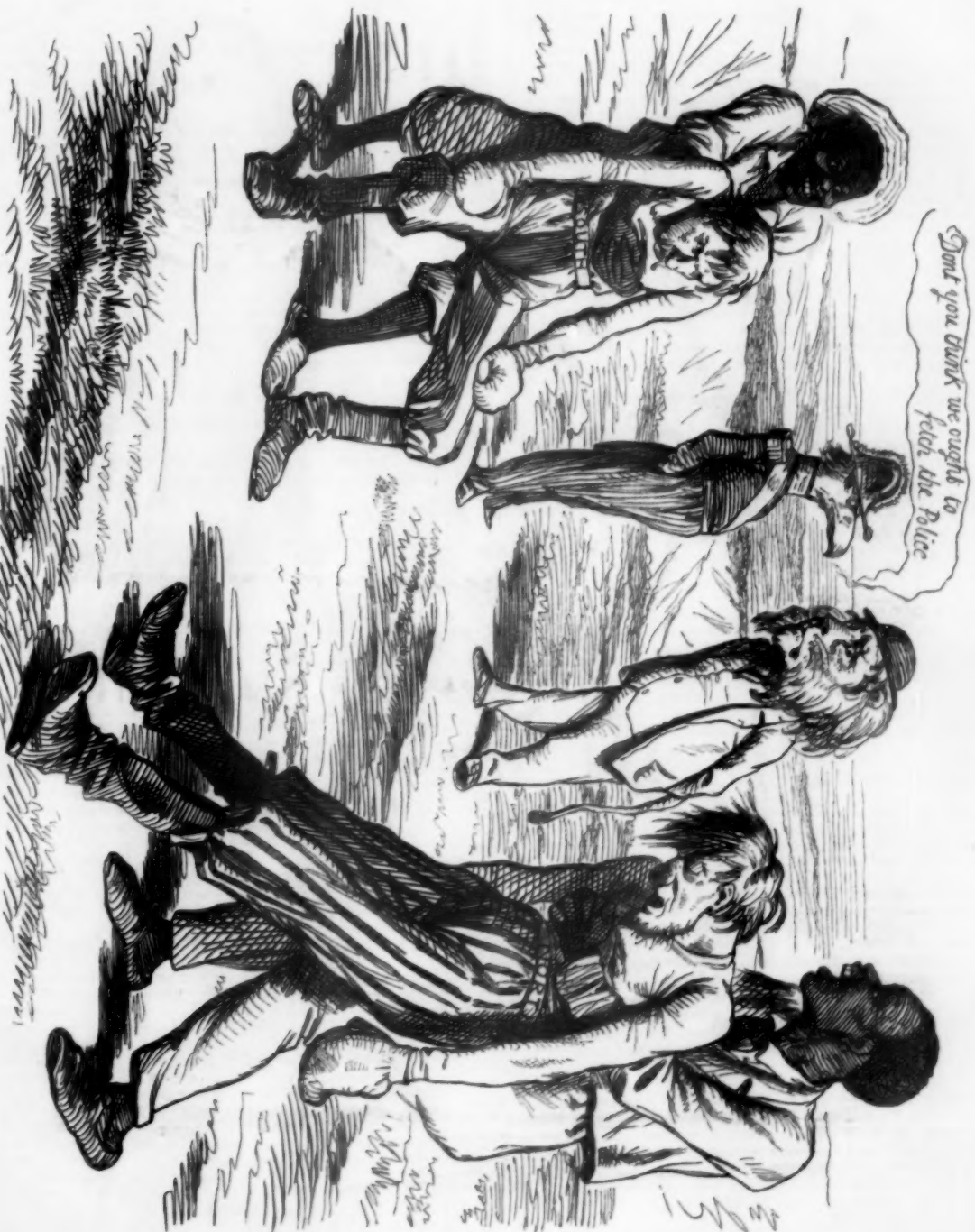
The Progress of Slang.

A MARRIAGE in high life is called an alliance. People being generally prone to ape their superiors, this foolish word will soon come to be applied to marriages in middle life and low life. The necessary consequence will be, that a married couple will be called Allies. Already we speak of Captain So-and-So and his Lady instead of his Wife. It will next be Captain So-and-So and his Ally, and ultimately "Me and my Ally" instead of "My Wife and I," or "I and my Husband" will be a customary form of speech amongst the lower orders.

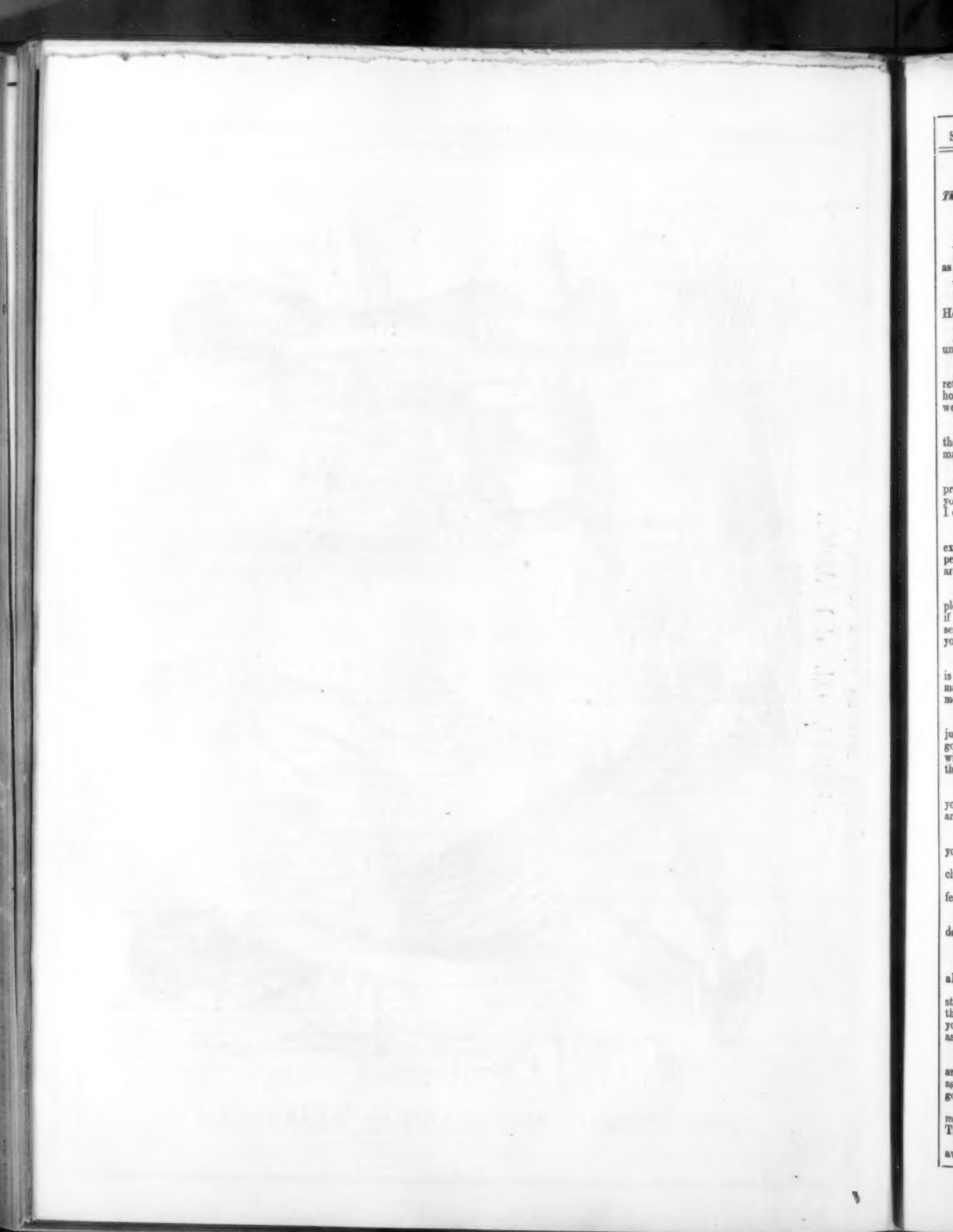
WILLIAM PETER GILBERT AND S. J. WEBSTER



GARIBALDI SURRENDERS HIS SWORD.



“NOT UP TO TIME;”
Or, Interference would be very Welcome.



AWFUL SCENE AT BIARRITZ.

The MAN OF SILENCE has just entered his dressing-room near the sea. The door of the apartment is violently burst open, and enter to him the MAN OF FLEET STREET.

Mr. Punch. I say. Come!

The Emperor. Come where, my friend, and would you shut that door, as there is no end of a draught?

Mr. P. You are surprised to see me?

The E. I am never surprised.

Mr. P. Well then, I am, sometimes. And this is one of the times. How came you to run away from Paris without seeing me?

The E. My friend!

Mr. P. O, bother, don't friend me. I consider that you have behaved uncommonly rudely, and that's all about it.

The E. If so, *adieu!*

Mr. P. All very fine, but you don't impose upon me with your reticence. A Frenchman thinks it such a miracle that a man is able to hold his tongue, that you astonish your subjects by your silence, but we are not to be done that way. What are you going to do?

The E. Bath.

Mr. P. I say—not too much of that sort of thing with me. I like the epigrammatic as well as anybody, but there is a time when it is a man's business to open his mouth. Is there not?

The E. At seven. Come. Don't dress.

Mr. P. I'll tell you what, Elected of the Millions, you'll rile me presently. Yes, I will dine with you, but look here. I have come to you upon the Italian question, and I demand to know your intentions. I ought to be aware of everything?

The E. Who is, if not you?

Mr. P. A very proper compliment, LOUIS NAPOLEON, but I am not exactly in the mood for compliments at this present speaking. It is perfectly clear that a crisis has arrived, and that the eyes of all Europe are now turned upon you.

The E. Rude of Europe.

[*Draws down blind.*]

Mr. P. My dear EMPEROR, I am not here to learn that you have plenty of *esprit*, or that you might write a whole *Charivari* by yourself, if you could get your censor's leave to publish. Now let me have a serious answer to a serious question. What order have you sent to your General in Rome?

The E. The Legion of Honour.

Mr. P. Nephew of your Uncle, do not provoke me too much, for this is very hot weather, and I have a temper to match. GARIBALDI has made his attempt, is defeated, and is a wounded prisoner. The movement is at an end.

The E. How carefully you have read the papers.

Mr. P. You want to put me into a passion, do you, Sir? Then you just shant. Now, Mr. Protector of Rome, you perceive that the good King, VICTOR-EMMANUEL, is quite capable of protecting Rome without your aid, and so you may march out with perfect comfort—for the door is open.

The E. [Looks at handle.] No, it is closed, but I thank you.

Mr. P. You will not have much reason to thank me, presently. Do you hear what I say? Rome does not want you there any longer. So, are you going to walk out?

The E. With the EMPRESS, at two.

Mr. P. EMPEROR, you have no business in the Eternal City. I tell you that your Occupation is indefensible.

The E. [Shows paper.] Why, I am only drawing caricatures for my child.

Mr. P. Your occupation of Rome, Sir. You understand me perfectly well.

The E. Who misunderstands Incidity personified?

Mr. P. I am all that, no doubt. But I repeat my question, and I demand a response.

The E. Amen!

Mr. P. What do you mean by that?

The E. [Wildly.] That is a response, I believe. At least I have always understood so from the priests.

Mr. P. EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, or rather of France, a dark thought strikes me. Is it possible that you have not made up your mind upon the course you are to adopt? If so I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. But if you are in doubt, it is well I came. I will direct you as to the course.

The E. De MOIRY manages my racing.

Mr. P. Does he? I wish your Imperial Stableship much joy. You are dexterous, Sir, but I return to the charge, and I design to do so again and again until I have elicited the truth. What line are you going to take?

The E. For my return to Paris? There is but one. We do not waste money on half a dozen railways to the same place, like certain islanders. The South-Western.

Mr. P. Son of QUEEN HORTENSE, would you do me the favour to avoid levity when we are speaking on a grave subject.

The E. We? You.

Mr. P. Ah, yes, but you shall speak on it also before I have done with you. If you are firm, I am obstinate. Sir, it is now as useless as it is unjust for you to continue your occupation of Rome. Do you intend to bring it to an end?

The E. Rome? Fate forbid!

Mr. P. What—what do you mean by Rome?

The E. The capital of—

Mr. P. [Cagerly.] Ah?

The E. [Smiles.] Of the temporal dominions of his Holiness the Pope.

Mr. P. Bah, but what do you mean by invoking Fate about Rome?

The E. You asked me, my valued friend, whether I intended to destroy Rome, or you used words to that effect.

Mr. P. When the Artful Dodger dies you shall be Dodger, though I had promised the place to your friend DIZZY. Are you not going to let me into your confidence; me, *Punch*, your truest and best ally?

The E. I am. Pardon me that I have hesitated, but it was in the hopes of gaining from your wisdom some new light upon my situation.

Mr. P. [Blushing.] Nay, I am sure that I shall be but too happy, Sir, to afford you any new light in my power.

The E. You can give me much. Would you touch the spring of that blind?

Mr. P. [Does so. The blind flies up.] Well, Sir?

The E. [Smiles.] You see, I did not over-rate your ability.

Mr. P. By Jove! But I'll keep my temper.

The E. It is always well to do so. In reward for your heroic effort, walk up-stairs and see the EMPRESS, and tell her that you are coming to dinner. And she will show you the child. If you are good natured, you will tell him a story.

Mr. P. [With profound intention.] Shall I tell him that the child of the FIRST NAPOLEON was King of Rome.

The E. [With intense explosion.] Ha! You have—but no matter, no matter. Go to the EMPRESS, my dear friend, go to the EMPRESS.

[*Rushes out.*]

Mr. P. He has dashed into the sea with his clothes on. But I have undressed his soul. Ha!

[*Is left in an attitude, considering several things.*]

A CLERICAL CONGRATULATION.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THERE can be no doubt that the intellect of mankind is in a progressive state, and that we are much wiser than our forefathers.

"This consideration has just been forced upon us, the undersigned, by the historical statements which have appeared in reference to the departure of the Nonconformist clergy from the Church of England upon the Act of Uniformity coming into operation.

"A couple of thousand clergymen (more or fewer) resigned their livings, because they would not say that they believed in the whole contents of the Prayer Book.

"Since that time, Sir, intellect has advanced, and did those good, but narrow-minded men live in our days, the Church would not need to lose their services.

"Suppose that some Essayists and Reviewers in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND had made it clear to these two thousand clergymen, that in solemnly declaring their belief in the contents of the Prayer Book, they only meant that they were complying with what was generally understood in society to be a mere form, and that they were at liberty to believe as much or as little as they liked, provided that they accepted the Prayer Book in the spirit of men of the world, and did not scandalise their parishes by any out-of-the-way doctrines.

"Had there happily existed such teachers in the times of the Nonconformists, those men might just as well have remained in the Church, and taken her honours and emoluments, as

"Your obedient Servants,

"St. James's Day, 1862."

"THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS."

Scratch Matches.

SOME matches have been published which will ignite only in contact with the box in which they are sold. A wedded friend of ours (a brute) states that the invention reminds him of a well-bred married couple, who never fly into passions with friends or strangers, but fire up into prompt explosion with one another. He suggests that these matches should be called the Conjugal. We suggest that he should be kicked.

ZOOLOGICAL COMPANIONS.

THE ever-active Secretary to the Zoological Society announces the arrival of a new creature called "AYE-AYE." A letter from the Vatican informs us that another curious creature called "No so," is not unlikely to be hastily exported to England. Could not DR. SCLATER arrange to exhibit both in the Regent's Park?



A SKETCH AT BUXTON.

Showing the Awful Effects of a Season among the Crinolines at the Exhibition.

SCIENTIFIC STEALING.

THE subjoined extract from a police report relates to a not very common offence:—

"THAMES.—Yesterday, GEORGE WALLIS, aged 41, a florist and gardener, was charged with stealing 500 feet of gas."

We have heard one schoolboy ask another, whistling a tune, "How much is that a yard?" but in the case above quoted we find an air, to wit, carburetted hydrogen, measured by the foot. It is lucky for the gas companies that æriform fluids are capable of being measured somehow, so that a thief who steals a volume of gas may be tried and punished as effectually as the fellow was the other day for stealing books out of the British Museum Library. But when gas is superseded by electricity, how will that be measured? It can't be weighed, being one of the "imponderables;" it has no dimensions, and the electric fluid is incapable of being meted by the pint and quart. The electrometer does not divide it into quantities, but doubtless invention will keep pace with discovery, and a suitable instrument will serve to indicate the amount of electricity which a rogue has filched from a wire. We may trust the science of the future to take care of its own.

Obvious.

SOMEBODY advertises some tinted spectacles, which he states to be used by great numbers of the aristocracy, "including LORD PALMERSTON." These last words induced us immediately to send for a pair, for we like to see everything *couleur de rose*.

HINT FOR AN EXPERIMENT.

THE London Magistrates are, as a rule, just, intelligent, humane gentlemen, who desire to discourage, as much as possible, the crimes they have to punish. And they one and all declare that at least two-thirds of such crimes are committed in consequence of Drink. These premises granted, does it not seem odd that the following is virtually, if not in words, the dialogue which passes day after day in our Police Courts?

Magistrate. Prisoner, you are proved to have beaten your mother, kicked the constables, and otherwise behaved in a most brutal manner. What have you to say?

Prisoner (doggedly). I know nothing about it. I was drunk.

Magistrate. You were drunk?

Prisoner. Very drunk.

Magistrate. O, well, if you were drunk, that makes a difference. A drunken man does not know what he is doing. It is very wrong of you, however, to get drunk, and I fine you twenty shillings, which I hope will be a lesson to you.

The prisoner immediately paid the fine, and went away, as he said, to wop the witnesses.

This is really what the usual conversation between the Magistrate and the Prisoner amounts to, and the ridiculous fine is the result. But suppose (and *Mr. Punch* throws out the suggestion with all respect for the excellent Magistrates) the dialogue should take this turn:

Magistrate. You say you were drunk?

Prisoner. Yes, I was.

Magistrate. Very well, you plead guilty to that offence, and I will deal with it first. A man has no right to get drunk, because drunkenness is in itself a crime, and exposes him to the danger of committing other crimes. I send you to hard labour for a month for drunkenness, and when that term has expired, we will take the other offences.

The prisoner was removed, declaring that all justice was at an end, if a fellow was to be treated like that for what he did when he didn't know what he was about.

Suppose this experiment were tried—it could do no harm, and it might do much good, in the way of disabusing a large mass of persons of a British belief, much promoted by authority, that drunkenness is an Extenuation. Let it become an Aggravation—as it is frequently called by Magistrates who immediately proceed to stultify their own declaration.

A HOPELESS HUNT.

THE *Morning Post* publishes the subjoined announcement:—

"We have authority to state that the MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBURY, who has lately become a Roman Catholic, left her residence, near Weybridge, last week, clandestinely, taking with her the three youngest of her six fatherless children, and leaving no clue to her place of hiding. There is no doubt it is in the power of the guardians and the nearest relatives of the late marquis to trace her ladyship's flight, and, through the strong arm of English law, to rescue the children and make them wards in Chancery."

The relatives of the late Marquis may be able to trace her ladyship's flight, but although they may follow her they are not likely to catch her. The pursuit of a Marchioness who has turned Papist, and flown off with her little ones, must be a wild-goose chase.

JUSTIFIABLY TERRIFIED.

THE following awful apparition in the pulpit is recorded to have been lately witnessed:—

"Yesterday morning, at a Church at Forest Hill, the Communion Service was read, and the Sermon preached by a Clergyman wearing a black beard and moustache. His hair was parted down the middle."

Some of the papers that have noted this appalling fact, describe the congregation as having been "alarmed." MR. PENROSE, and others who advocate the adornment of churches with pictorial works, may find an argument in such alarm. Did the terrified suburban ever see a picture representing one of the Apostles? But matters may be even worse than we know. For if the clergyman's doctrines were as apostolic as his appearance, the genteel conventionalists of Forest Hill must not only have been alarmed, but disgusted.

Joke Made only to Warn off Correspondents.

MR. WEED, of New York, is on his way to England. We should have preferred an importation of "Virginian Weed" but the destiny of both is the same, a mission ending in smoke. [Do Correspondents understand. We have used the weed joke, so they will let it alone.]

NATURAL INTEMPERANCE.

THE Total Abstinence spouters talk about toasts and sentiments being drunk without wine. So, if talking bosh is any sign of drunkenness, are most of their drinkers.



PIC-NICING UNDER THE NEW POACHING ACT.

RURAL POLICEMAN. "Hullo! I say—I say—What's them Birds in that there Pie!"

THE JOLLY JURISTS OF GERMANY.

ACCORDING to "honest Iago," England is the country "where indeed they are most potent in potting." Although "your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander" excel most other nations in that accomplishment, they "are nothing to your English." Whatever may have been the relative capacity of this and those other nations for drinking in the time of SHAKESPEARE, and whether or no "your English," at the present day, retain their former superiority in strength to tope over "your Dane," and "your swag-bellied Hollander," there is reason to believe that now at any rate there is nobody better able to stand a considerable quantity of liquor than "your German." The United Kingdom Alliance, established to obtain a law prohibiting the sale of fermented drinks, is a body which, being accustomed to mind other people's business, will be naturally interested in the information afforded by the following paragraph, relative to foreigners, and illustrating Teutonic prowess in potation:—

"Eleven hundred German jurists are now in Vienna. In the evening of Sunday they and 700 Austrian jurists sat down to a supper given by the municipality of the city, and the 1,900 persons managed to dispose of 80 casks of beer, 3,600 bottles of red and white wine of the country, and 1,000 bottles of first-rate champagne. The supper with music, cigars, &c., cost the city no less than 40,000 florins (£4,000)."

Certainly "your German," as represented by these sages of the law, is at least as potent in his potting as any modern Englishman. The achievement above narrated could not have been surpassed by a symposium of British judges. For of course the jolly jurists did not get drunk, because it was Sunday, and besides any symptoms of intoxication exhibited by them would have been noted, for fun. No doubt they were as sober as judges, as we say, meaning by the sobriety of a judge the state of self-possession which a judge retains after having taken wine enough to make several ordinary men drunk. If they had talked nonsense, the Press would have published it; but we are only told that, after having consumed nearly £4,000 of wine and beer:—

"The Germans learned in the law have talked much since they have been in Vienna, but nothing worth repeating is reported."

The soberest legal disquisitions may be not worth repeating. We may safely conclude that the speech of the German jurists, during their crouse, consisted in utterances of the prosaic wisdom and weighty jocosities characteristic of and suitable to personages of their ponderous nation, and dignified profession, over their cups. No doubt they held a solemn supper, and drank an enormous quantity of wine, every one of them with a profound gravity, the centre of which never at any time became vertical to a point outside of the base of support or chair which maintained each erudite jurist in the position of an upright judge.

The Health of the Potatoes.

EXAGGERATED statements have been made of the reappearance of the Potato Disease. Under the signature of A. TUBER, a correspondent thus writes:—"They say that the blight has attacked some of us, but few are affected with anything worse than the mildest form of opthalmia. At least, as far as I am concerned, I may venture to say that the potato-disease is all my eye."

Papal Shortcomings.

THE POPE mistakes and so disdains
The impatience Rome is showing:
Of no Short Coming she complains,
No, but of his Long Going.

ETHIOPIAN BLOOM.

UNDER the head of exports is included a quantity of walnut-ketchup, to St. Domingo. This article, for which a great demand exists in Hayti, is destined to be employed as a cosmetic by the ladies.

JOKING IN A CIRCLE.—We have the authority of MR. BATTY for saying that "the first horse-laugh must certainly have proceeded from an *Os Amorus*."

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES IN OIL.

FROM SUBJECTS IN "PUNCH."
EXHIBITING AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

- 1 A FROLIC HOME AFTER A BLANK DAY.
- 2 MR. JORROCKS (log).—"Come hup! I say—you ugly beast!"
- 3 THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.
- 4 PHYSICAL EDUCATION.
- 5 A CAVALIER, 1860.—*Adolphus*.—"Now, girls!—If you're game for a ride on the sands—I'm your man."
- 6 BATHING WOMAN.—"Teach yer to swim? Lor! bless yer, my love, why of course I can!"
- 7 A NICE BRACING DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.
- 8 INDIGNANT MASTER OF HOUNDS.—"Now, you Sir! mind the hound! He's worth forty times as much as your horse."
- 9 THE Reader is requested to observe, that the Lower Extremities represented above do not belong to the Fair Damsel on the Plank, but to the Boatman beyond, upon whose shoulder she is leaning.—We, however, recommend Flora to be more careful how she composes herself the next time she gets out of a boat.
- 10 DIVISION OF LABOUR.—*Sportsman (in Standing Boats)*.—"Where to, now, Jack?"—*Jack*.—"Well! let's see! I should just go up the bows again, and a rose the top end, bend down the other side and round up the bottom. While you're there, get over and try old Haycock's standing oar—he won't mind—I'll stop here and mark!"
- 11 LATEST FASHION FROM PARIS.—*Beautiful Being*.—"Well, I must say, Parker, that Like the hair dressed à l'Impératrice. It shows so much of the face."
- 12 NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.—*Augustus*.—"Now I've got you!"
- 13 THE OPERA.—*Lucy*.—"Good gracious, Selina, look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?"
- 14 *Betty*.—"Ah! There she is, bless her! and looking this way too. Oh! it's as clear as possible she has taken a fancy to me!"
- 15 YES, MY DEARS! I know the sea breeze after bathing is beneficial to the back hair—but consider the heart of your too susceptible Punch!
- 16 A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—*First Whip (who is a little ruffled because the Fox won't break)*.—"Now, then, Sir! Out of the way, unless you'll get into the cover. Mayhap your ugly mug might frighten him out. Come up, one!"
- 17 ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.—*Master Fred*.—"There! that's capital! Stand still, Bottles, and I'll show you how the Chinese do the knife-trick at the play." [Bottles is much interested.]
- 18 OLD DIPS declares they manage sea-bathing better in France, and that when he is at Bo-long, he does as Bo-long does—well! that's a matter of taste!
- 19 PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.—*Little Hairdresser (mildly)*.—"Yer air a very thin on the top, Sir."—*Gentleman (of un-governable temper)*.—"My hair thin on the top, Sir? and what if it is! Confound you, puppy, do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!"
- 20 RUGGLES.—"Hold hard, Master George. It's too wide and uncommon deep."—*Master George*.—"All right, Ruggles! We can both do it!"
- 21 AQUATICS.—Who this? Why this is Mr. John Chubb pulling one of his long, slow, steady strokes. He is taking more pains than usual, because these pretty girls in the round hats are sitting on the lawn drawing from nature.—And
- 22 HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.
- 23 WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.—*Fox-hunting Doctor*.—"Not be in time! Oh, nonsense! Send my horse on—see my patients early—dress in the brougham,—there I am!" (and we hope he may have a good run.)
- 24 We have been obliged to take the side of the carriage out, which perhaps the kind reader will excuse.
- 24 SHOCKING RESULT OF WEARING INDIAN RUBBER GLOVES ON THE SANDS.—*Young Jack Robinson* sees what he imagines to be the impression of his darling's foot—he mentally ejaculates, "*Beetle-Crusher, by Jove!*" and flies to other climes.
- 25 A vulgar and disgusting expression, implying that a foot is big enough, and fat enough, to kill black-beetles. The brutality of competing in any way such words with the feminine Toilette, needs no comment.
- 25 MR. WIGGINS has a fine opportunity of displaying his politeness and activity.
- 26 A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY, INDEED!—*Betty (betrotted to Charlie)*.—"Oh, Charlie, isn't it fun? I've beaten Arthur and Julia, and I've broke Aunt Sally's Nose seven times!"

- 27 A FRIENDLY MOUNT.—*Party (whose nerve is not what it used to be)*.—"You are quite sure, Charles, that he's temperate?"—*Charles*.—"Yes! come along! Do you think I should let you ride him if he wasn't? Why you might kill the horse!"
- 28 [Nervous Party is much flattered by the consideration of Friend.]
- 28 JONES tries his new back, which is as quiet as a lamb—just about.
- 29 SCENE AT SANDBATH.—The Female Bionlin outdone! Grand Morning Performance on the Narrow Plank by the Darling.
- 30 COUNTRY RACES.—Gentlemen Riders, who are so like Professional Jockeys, you can hardly tell the difference!
- 31 WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, Fatherfamilias thinks his little ones ought to lose no opportunity of drinking the waters!
- 32 THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.—Once on board, fix your eyes upon some distant object, and adapt the movement of your body to the rolling of the vessel.
- 33 A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.—*Old Lady*.—"Goodness gracious, Mr. Boatman! what's that?"—*Solitary Boatman*.—"That, mum! Nothin, mum. Only the artillery practice, and that's one of the cannon-balls what's just struck the water!"
- 34 MARRIED FOR MONEY—THE HONEYMOON.—"Now, then, darling, put away your paper, and we'll have a nice long walk, and then come back to tea in our own little cottage, and be as happy as two little birds!" said the fair bride.—"Oh! hang it!" mentally ejaculated the Captain.
- 35 THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES.—*Constance*.—"Oh, mamma! I'm so delighted. I have just made the best gold, and won the beautiful bracelet given by Captain Rifles."—*Lucy (disappointed)*.—"Well, Constance, I think you had better not say much about it. You know it was a fluke! for you told me you always shot with your eyes shut, as you feel so very nervous!"
- 36 GONE AWAY!—*Old Coachman*.—"Now, Miss Ellen! Miss Ellen! You know what your Pa said! You was to take the greatest care of Joey!"—*Miss Ellen*.—"So I will, Robert! and that's why I am taking him off the nasty hard road, poor thing!"
- 37 SEA-SIDE.—The bathing hour.
- 38 THE NOBLE SCIENCE.—Tomkins and his friend (who have been thrown out) congratulate themselves on falling in with the Squire's second horseman, who is sure to bring them by a line of gates to the bounds again—and so he does, only—the last of the gates is locked, and over which he "hops like a bird!"
- 39 MR. PEEWIT has a little addition to his family—he is obliged to get his meals anyhow—and—
- 40 Abdicates in favour of the real master of the house.
- 41 A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.—"Fixing her eyes on him, and placing her pretty little foot on the ball, she said, 'Now, then, I am going to Croquet you!' and Croquet'd he was completely." (From *Rose to Emily*.)
- 42 COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Generally found upon the rocks at low water.
- 43 DOING IT THOROUGHLY.—*Old Gent*.—"I say, my little man, you should always hold your pony together going up hill, and over ploughed land!"—*Young Nimrod*.—"All right, old cock! I don't you teach your grandmother to suck eggs! There's my man by the hay-stack with my second horse!"
- 44 THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS, IN A STORM.—*Ancient Mariner*.—"Hold on a bit, Miss—I'll tow you off!—You should never carry so much sail in a sou'-wester!"
- 45 RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.—*Young Diana*.—"I think, Sir, if you would be so good as to go first, and break the top rail, my pony would get over."
- 46 OUR FRIEND TOM NODDY has a day with the Brookside Harriers.—With his usual prudence he gets a horse accustomed to the hills!
- 47 PARTY (who of course doesn't think himself good looking).—"Really, Clara, I can't think how you can make a pet of such an ugly brute as an Ale of Skye terrier!"
- 48 THE RACE FOR A BATHING MACHINE.—*Alice first*, *Clara second*, *Miss Toddles a bad third*; and the rest nowhere!
- 49 CUPID AT SEA.—*Angeline (to Ebbies, whose only chance is perfect tranquillity)*.—"Edwin, dear! If you love me, go down into the cabin, and fetch me my scent-bottle, and another shawl to put over my feet!"
- 50 [Edwin's sensations are more easily imagined than described.]
- 50 AQUATICS.—A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.—*Jolly Young Waterman*.—"Holla! Hi! Police! Back water, Jack! We've got into a nest of Swans, and they're a pitchin' into me."

- 51 THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.—*Bathing Woman*.—"Master Franky wouldn't cry! no! not he!—He'll come to his Martha, and bathe like a man!"
- 52 LITTLE GENT.—"Mornin', my Lord!—Glad to see you out again!—What I like about fox-hunting is, that it improves the breed of 'orses—and brings people together as wouldn't otherwise meet!"
- 53 MISS MATILDA.—"Go on, Fido!—There's one great drawback to these hats—they make one look like any-body else." (Alone?)
- 54 A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE.—*Ellen (who here has a job at Aunt Fidget's expense)*.—"Good gracious, Aunt, there are two officers!"—*Aunt Fidget (a short-sighted lady)*.—"Bless me, so there are! Well; they may be officers, but they are not gentlemen, I'm sure, or they wouldn't stand looking at us in that impudent manner."
- 55 IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BLUE BOTTLE.
- 56 A CAPITAL FINISH.—*Excited but rather behind-hand Party*.—"Now then, my man, have you seen 'em? Which way have they gone?"—*Man*.—"All right, Sir! They're down here. Fox and 'ounds is just run into the Infant School!"
- 57 THE OLD FOXHUNTER.—*Flora*.—"Well, Ronald! and how do you like Rotten Row?"—*Ronald*.—"Oh, pretty well; but it's rather slow work to a man who has been accustomed to go across country, as I have all my life!"
- 58 MR. BRIGGS, having become an adept in the art of horse-taming, operates upon a colt he has bred himself, and—
- 59 With complete success.
- 60 A JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.—*Bathing Guide*.—"Bless 'is 'art! I know'd he'd take it kindly—by the werry looks 'im!"
- 61 MORE NOVELTY.—The Misses Wessel think crinolines a preposterous and extravagant invention, and appear at Mrs. Roundabout's party in a simple and elegant attire.
- 62 NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.—*Frederick*.—"Now Girls, pull away—don't be idle!"
- 63 "DON'T MOVE THERE, WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"
- 64 PATIENCE REWARDED.—*Piscator*.—"A-hah! Got you at last, have I?—And a fine week's trouble I've had to catch you!"
- 65 IT IS THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE WORM.—*Piscator*.—"There, Thomas, you now see the advantage of early rising. I have got the very best place on the water, and I'll be bound to say the other subscribers are not out of bed yet!"
- 66 FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD there is nothing like a steam bath, and this can be had in your own bedroom with the greatest ease—
- 67 You have only to take care that you manage the apparatus properly.
- 68 GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.—*Sarah Jane*.—"Oh, Betty, come 'ere, and bring Hissabelle! We can see the 'oofs of the 'orses!"
- 69 A BRILLIANT IDEA.—*Matilda*.—"Oh, look ye here, Tommy! S'pose we play at your being the big footman, and me and Lissabeth'll be the fine ladies in the carriage!"
- 70 TABLEAU, representing a young gentleman who fancies he is alone by the "Sad Sea Waves." He takes the opportunity of going through the last scene of "*Lulu*."
- 71 [N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice (which he imagines to be like Maria's) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.]
- 71 A WEIGHTY MATTER.—*Frederick (a very big boy)*.—"That's a niceish pony of y's, Charley.—By the bye, how heavy are you?"—*Charley*.—"Well, within a pound of three stone, I'm sorry to say."—*Frederick*.—"Oh! I call that a nice weight. Now, I'm obliged to have very expensive ponies; for, with saddle and bridle, I don't ride less than four stone two!"
- 72 A VERY GREAT MAN.—"Now, Collins, you must go out very deep, for I want to take a 'header'."
- 73 DID YOU EVER!—*Augustus*.—"I say, Aunt! Did you see what the newspaper says about the Eolipet?"—*Aunt*.—"No! What does it say? read it, child! anything relating to that wonderful event is interesting."—*Augustus*.—"Why, it says that it is expected to have an extraordinary effect upon the inferior animals; my wig! I'd have you and the girls look out for squalls!" (Disputing *Long-Sighted Boy*.)
- 74 MISS STOUT.—"The worst of letting one's back hair down is, that it makes the young men stare!"
- 75 MODERATION.—*First Undergraduate*.—"Hollo, Charley, Ain't you going out to-day?"—*Second Undergraduate (driving)*.—"Why, no—not this morning. You see I'm only a one horse man, and as I have hunted him three times this week, I thought I'd give him a day's rest in the dog-cart!"

From "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," July 5, 1862.

"This gallery is certainly a delightful lounge. One can look at Mr. Leech's drawings here, without even the trouble of holding up the book or turning over the leaves. You can take up your position on one of the ottomans before two or three of your special favourites, and enjoy them either alone, or still better with a friend who thoroughly understands the merits of this admirable artist. For, one of Mr. Leech's most extraordinary qualities is, that he appeals in turn to almost every class. Men of the keenest wit and of the highest intellectual attainments are delighted by his sketches, and so is the errand clerk who sees them (it is a merciful provision) through the shop windows. Long may Mr. Leech's poorer admirers enjoy that gratuitous opportunity of enjoying his works. Long may those whose moderate means will enable them to do so, go in and buy. And often hereafter may we, who are ready to come down with our shillings, be able to get, in exchange for them, a sight of more of those brilliant sketches fresh from the hand of one of the most fertile of our English humorists, and one of the most remarkable artists of our school and day!"

From "THE TIMES," June 21, 1863.

"If a hundredth part of the people who have enjoyed this kindly satirist's works as they have appeared in *Punch* week by week; if the 'swells' who have laughed at the pre-arrangements of their brother swells; if the sporting men, the dancing men, the yachting men and their amiable female companions; if all the boys at school who recognise pictures of other boys at other schools; if the Misses with those beautiful large eyes, full forms, flowing ringlets, and charming boots; if the brave old squire and country gentleman whom Mr. Leech delights to depict at their firesides over their dessert with their saucy grandchildren, or in the hunting-field with their horses and hounds, are minded to come and see their own portraits, what crowds will flock once more to that room, now so changed, in the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, where poor ALBERT SMITH was wont to administer to the gaiety of nations!"

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